LOST AT SEA.

[On the foundering at sea of a ship-of-war with loss of all on board.]

A breeze on the rippling sea;
A light in the east of day;
Set sail, set sail with the favoring gale,
Up anchor, and away!

Forth speeds the gallant ship,
Where mighty navies ride,
To bear again o'er the restless main
Her country's flag with pride.

Mourn for the gallant ship;
Mourn for the mariners brave;
For they shall sleep where wrecks lie deep;
All sunk beneath the wave.

As a tiger on his prey
From an Indian jungle darts,
A tempest's breath to sudden death
Doomed all those dauntless hearts.

A cry on the lonely sea,
Borne past by the rushing gale;
The waves roll on o'er brave men gone,
O'er shattered mast and sail.

There shall they take their rest,
Till the sea gives up its dead,
And the trump shall call to judgment all
Who sleep in their ocean bed.
—Rev. C. E. Linlsley, in N. Y. Observer.

CHAPTER III.

A CRUEL, UNJUST PUNISHMENT.

It might have been wrong in me, but whether it was or not, I grew to hate my stepmother; and I'm afraid that at times I was wicked enough to wish for some dire calamity to befall her. I know that I often thought it would be a great blessing to me if she would only take sick and die; and on one occasion when she was very low with fever and not expected to live, I do not think I was at all sorrowful. Still, I would not have the reader think I was heartless, for I was not. I was as kind and sympathetic as ever and there was nothing I would not have done to favor one who had been kind to me. But continued persecution had steeled my heart against my stepmother, and I hated her.

One day when I was in my tenth year I was helping Aunt Mary in the kitchen. I heard my stepmother calling me upstairs, and in my hurry to reach her before she lost her temper, I ran through the room where Mary was playing with some toys, and accidentally knocked down a large wax doll which crashed to atoms on the floor. Mary immediately set up a fearful screaming and her mother hastened to the room to see what had happened.

I explained that I had not seen the doll, and had broken it unintentionally, but Mary put a different construction on the affair, asserting that I broke the doll on purpose out of pure malice. Of course her version was accepted by her mother, and I was sent into a dark closet to remain until father came home, when I was promised a whipping that would learn me to behave myself better in the future. For an hour I waited in fear and trembling, and then I heard my father enter the house. At once he was informed of what had happened, and my stepmother added to Mary's statements such assertions as she chose, making my conduct appear reprehensible in the extreme. Father listened to the account, and then without a word approached the closet and roughly dragged me out. I tried to explain to him that I was not in fault, but he refused to listen and ordered me to keep silent.

"It's enough for you to tear up Mary's things out of pure spite," he said, "without adding to your meanness the sin of lying."

I tried to speak again in vindication of myself, but father stopped me before I could speak a word.

"Shut right up," he cried, "I won't have a word out of you. You know that Mary wouldn't utter a falsehood, and I won't have you contradict her. You ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself, you mean, stubborn, vixenish wench. It's a wonder to me your sister and ma bear with you as patiently as they do, and if you got half the whippings you deserve you'd be feeling the rod continually."

I made no further attempt to speak but stood silent and with bursting heart, trembling like a culprit, knowing the unjustness of my father's accusation and my inability to do aught to turn his wrath from me. For an instant he

THE ROD DESCENDED.

gazed upon my pleading, upturned face, his features all aflame with anger, then he raised his hand, and the next instant the cruel rod descended, cutting my quivering flesh and bringing from me a cry of pain. Quickly blow after blow followed, each one raising a great black welt on my back and bruising me unmercifully.

Ah, what pain those terrible blows brought! How they cut and stung my sensitive flesh! How I quivered and winced as blow followed blow! Yet the the physical pain, excruciating as it was, was as nothing compared to the pain that pierced my soul. Every blow of the rod went through my heart like as many daggers, leaving it torn and bleeding. I felt that my spirits were crushed and that time could never heal the wounds. I felt that I could never forget, never forgive the wrong I had been made to suffer unjustly.

Had I not loved my father so dearly I should have experienced a feeling of resentment rather than one of sorrow. As it was, I was grieved deeply—hurt beyond recovery, I thought, not more by his cruel blows than by the knowledge that he had no feeling of pity for one so helpless who should be so near and dear to him.

I longed for a word, or even a look of sympathy, for with that my infliction would have been easier borne. I glanced into my father's face. There was no show of pity there. It was hard, set and stern. I glanced up to my stepmother. A cold smile, in which I saw a feeling of triumph, repulsed me. I looked to my sister, she whom I had served as no slave ever served the most exacting mistress, and I saw only a look of satisfaction there. No one pitied me, and, as in everything else, I was alone in my sufferings. Oh, how hard it is to bear one's cross alone!

I left the house as soon as I could and went in search of Aunt Mary. I knew she would pity me, though she dare not speak what she felt. I went to her cabin, but she was not there. I went on into the orchard, and there I found her sitting at the root of a tree, her head buried in her lap and her form shaking with sobs. I knew she was weeping for me, and I went forward and threw my arms about her neck, and we wept together.

"I have one friend," I cried, when I was able to speak; "you love me, Aunt Mary, if nobody else does."

"Yes, chile," she said, "I does lub you wid all my ole brack heart."

It was some time before I could speak again, my feelings surged up in my throat so, but after awhile I managed to say:

"It was so cruel, Aunt Mary, and it hurt me so deeply."

"Po' chile, po' chile," was all the reply she made, but I understood how she felt, and her sympathy lightened my suffering.

My stepmother called and Aunt Mary went back to the house. I arose and walked on through the orchard and stopped down by the fence next to the wood pasture. I sat down there and,

SHE ENJOYED SEEING ME SUFFER.

recalling all the long list of wrongs I had suffered during my short life, I gave my sorrow full sway and wept until I was sick.

How long I should have remained there nursing my grief in solitude I do not know. I had been there an hour, probably, when, hearing footsteps near, I looked up and saw a lady with flowers approaching by a footpath that ran through the orchard. She was Mrs. Brown, and lived near us, and she and my stepmother visited a great deal. I would have gone away when I saw her, but she called to me to wait, and I obeyed.

"What are you crying about, child?" she asked, when she came up to me.

"Because I am so miserable," I answered, wiping my tears away on my cotton apron.

"And why are you miserable?" she continued, fastening her sharp black eyes on me inquiringly.

"Because nobody loves me," I replied, swallowing my sorrow. "I haven't any friends, and nobody except Aunt Mary likes me."

Mrs. Brown shook her head.

"I'm sure you're mistaken," she said. "Your father loves you and your stepmother loves you."

"No, no, no!" I cried, with energy. "*She* don't love me. She hates me. I know she does."

"I think you are mistaken, my child," Mrs. Brown said, softly. "I'm sure your mother does not hate you; though I dare say she might love you more if you were more lovable and had a less disagreeable disposition. You should try to make yourself more pleasant—more loving and lovable—and thus win people to you instead of driving them away. Stubbornness is a very bad trait, and unless you cultivate it out of your nature, you can never be happy. See how happy your sister is, how much she is loved; and it's all because she is gentle and kind, and does not always want her way."

I looked up at the lady in surprise. Could it be possible, I wondered, that she really believed what she was saying, and that I was looked upon as a contentious, selfish child, while my sister was viewed in the opposite light? Was I, who had never claimed any privileges, never contended for any rights, to have my sister's faults ascribed to me, while my virtues were given to her? To be judged thus wrongfully was more than I could bear tamely, and more than I would bear without a protest.

"I never try to have my way," I cried. "I never contend for anything. I'd do anything, give anything, if people would only love me. But they won't. I try to make them, but it does no good. People won't believe in me, and no matter how good I act and how bad Mary acts, she gets the credit and the praise and I get the blame. I know I'm not bad, and I've tried, oh, so hard, to win people's love."

Mrs. Brown gave her head another solemn shake, then proceeded to read me a lecture on what she chose to term my naughty disposition. It made me very miserable to have her blame me with faults that were entirely foreign to my nature, and hold my father, sister and stepmother up as the ones who were deserving of sympathy. But nothing I could say would set me right with her, and when she went away, my grief broke forth afresh.

"Why, oh why," I thought, "must everybody misjudge me?"

There was a boy with Mrs. Brown whom I did not know at that time, and to whom I scarcely gave a glance as he stood waiting while we talked. I supposed he would care little for my sufferings, and if he ever thought of me at all when away it would be only to laugh at my troubles. He went away when Mrs. Brown did, and I thought no more of him until five minutes or so had passed, and I looked up and saw him coming back. I gave a quick glance at his face as he drew close to me, and involuntarily I stretched forth my hand to him. In his countenance I saw pity and sympathy plainly written, and intuitively I knew that in him I should find a friend—one who would know my heart and understand me, and give me credit for what was due me.

CHAPTER IV.

I FORM ONE FRIENDSHIP AT LAST.

"Don't cry," the boy said, advancing and taking my hand in one of his and rubbing it gently with the other. "Don't cry. Please don't."

"I can't help it," I replied, brokenly, giving fresh vent to my tears. "I'm so miserable, so miserable."

"There, there," he said, stroking my hand in a way that showed his sympathy more effectually than any words he could have spoken. "I wouldn't feel miserable. I'd be brave and laugh and be happy in spite of everything."

"I can't, I can't," I wailed. "Nobody loves me and I'm so lonely."

"Yes, they will, too," he reasoned. "You just be good and cheerful, and make people love you."

"I do try to be good," I cried. "I try to do everything I can to please people, but it don't do any good. They won't love me, they won't believe me. I never try to have my way, but I give up to my sister all the time, and yet people say I'm stubborn. Oh, I wish I could die, and then I'd be out of the way and nobody would blame me and misjudge me. I'm not stubborn. I know I'm not, and I don't like for people to say I am."

"I know you're not," he said, positively, "and if I were you I wouldn't care what people said. They don't know anything about it."

"But it's so hard to be always blamed when I'm not in fault," I sobbed, checking my tears a little. "She said people didn't love me, and that I was unhappy because I was mean."

"Who said that?" he asked.

"She did. Mrs. Brown."

"My aunt?"

"That lady who was just here," I replied.

The boy let my hand go and whistled a little, and I thought I'd driven him from me, and that he was going to hate me, too; and I began to feel more miserable than ever. But after the lapse of a moment he came nearer, and smoothing my hair with the greatest gentleness, said:

"Don't worry about what my aunt said. She didn't mean to hurt your feelings. She just don't know, that's all. I knew she didn't know, and that you wasn't stubborn, and it made me sorry to hear her talk that way; so after we'd gone a little piece I told her I wanted to hunt some more flowers, and I came back, because I knew she'd made you feel bad. My aunt's good and kind, and she'll love you when she gets to know that you are not stubborn."

"She won't ever know that," I objected, ceasing my tears almost entirely.

"Yes she will," he replied, quickly, "for I'll tell her. I'll tell her all about it," he continued after a pause, "and I'll make her understand that you're a good girl, and that you ain't to blame for being unhappy. She'll love you then, and be kind to you, and maybe that will make you feel better."

I stopped crying altogether after that, for in the prospect of having some one to love me I forgot all my burdens of sorrow, and my heart was flooded with a happiness I had never known before. I felt that having the love of one person to lean on I could bear all my crosses and sorrows without feeling their weight, and that, however cruelly I was treated at home, the knowledge that one heart beat in sympathy with mine would make my life very happy indeed.

Seeing that I was recovering my spirits, my companion exerted himself to advance my cheerfulness, leading my thoughts away from my troubles with a tact worthy of a much older head, and within a short time we were chatting and laughing quite gayly.

"What is your name?" he asked, rather abruptly, after we had talked for five or ten minutes.

Instantly a tinge of the old pain came back to my heart, but it went with a breath, and still smiling and happy I replied:

"My name is Agnes Owens."

"That's a very pretty name," he remarked. "I like Agnes the best of any name I know for a girl. Don't you like it?"

"Yes, I like Agnes," I replied, the feeling of bitterness creeping into my heart again, "and I would be happier if people would call me that. But I don't like to be called Ag, and that's what everybody calls me."

"That's not so nice," he said, slowly, "and they oughtn't to call you that."

"I don't like for them to, and I've cried about it, and begged them to quit, but it didn't do any good. You won't call me Ag, will you?"

"No, I shall call you Agnes. But if I were you," he added, "I shouldn't care about my name. It doesn't matter, anyhow. Now my name is William Hanly and everybody calls me Will, and that's very nice, but if people wanted to call me Bill they could, and I wouldn't care."

"Well," I said, a little better satisfied on that point, "I wouldn't mind being called Ag, so much, if people wouldn't speak so slightingly of my looks. I don't like for them to say I'm red-headed, and call my hair 'wisps.' You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"I don't believe I'd care much. You see, boys ain't particular about such things like girls are, because boys don't care much for looks. I reckon if I was a girl, though, I'd feel like you do, and I guess I wouldn't like it very well. Still it don't hurt, and if I were you I wouldn't worry any. Your hairs' real pretty, I think, and I know it ain't 'wisps.' I know a girl who has hair just like yours, and everyone says it is beautiful, and they call it golden.

"My sister has hair like mine," I remarked, "and they all speak of it as auburn. 'Auburn locks' is lots nicer than 'red wisps,' isn't it?"

"Well, it may sound better, but I guess your sister's hair ain't any prettier than yours. Yours is auburn, and golden, too; and it ain't 'wisps,' for it's locks. If I was you I wouldn't care what folks called my name, nor what they said about my hair, nor nothing else. I'd just let 'em say all the mean things they pleased, and I wouldn't cry a bit. Your name's pretty, and your hair's pretty, and you're good-looking, and no matter what they say they can't change your looks."

I think the greatest happiness I had ever known I experienced right then. At last I had found some one who did not think me wicked and homely, but who saw goodness in my character and beauty in my features. For the time the bitter past was blotted out, and all the troubles and pains it had brought into my life were forgotten. I seemed to have suddenly emerged from a great shadow and to stand in the broad, dazzling light of a new existence. I was happy, happy, happy.

"I must go, now," my companion said, rising and standing before me. "My aunt may think I'm a long time finding the flowers and come back in search of me. I'm glad we know each other, because I've come down from the city to live with my aunt, and we'll see each other often and I won't be so lonesome."

"Are you going to live here all the time?" I asked, eagerly.

"Yes, till I grow up to be a man, I guess," he replied. "You see my mother's dead, and father is going to travel, so I'm going to live out here with my aunt."

"Is your father good to you?" I enquired, with such eagerness that the boy looked at me with a puzzled expression in his eyes.

"Good to me?" he repeated, "why, yes, of course he is. He furnishes me with spending money and everything I want, 'most, and he's coming out to see me every three or four months. Why did you ask that? Did you suppose he wasn't good to me?"

"No-o," I said, hesitatingly. "I didn't know, that is all!"

He looked at me again rather queerly, acting as though he meant to speak, then, saying he must go, turned and walked away. I watched him until he was out of sight, anxious to see him as long as possible and wishing with all my heart that I could be with him always. Although I had known him but a few minutes, he was dearer to me than anyone else on earth, and I felt that to be near him and with him would be the greatest happiness I could know. He had sympathized with me in my sorrows—he had understood me and believed in the goodness of my intentions—and in my childish simplicity I placed him as an idol before my heart, and loved him almost to veneration.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAST OF THE SEA KINGS.

Vigorous Measures by Which Brave Capt. Trask Quelled a Mutiny.

Take, for instance, a commander like Capt. Benjamin I. H. Trask, master successively of the Virginia, Yazoo, Garrick, Jamestown, Switzerland, Saratoga, William F. Stover and Hamilton Fish, for whom, when he died, on the 23d of December, 1871, the flags on the shipping in the harbor were at half-mast, says a writer in Harper's. "No braver or better man," said one of the newspapers, "ever commanded an American ship. He was about the last of the old sea kings of the past." This was the kind of a man he was: His good ship, the Saratoga, was about to leave Havre for the New York at the time when, in honor of the birth of the prince imperial (son of Eugenie and Louis Napoleon), many convicts had been liberated from prison. Some of these rascals—the ugliest set of mortals he had ever associated with—shipped as sailors on board his vessel, their character and antecedents, of course, quite unknown to the captain. The first day out the new crew were very troublesome, owing in part, doubtless, to the absence of the mate, who was ill in bed, and who died after a few hours. Suddenly the second mate (now captain), G. D. S. Trask, son of the commander, heard his father call out: "Take hold of the wheel," and going forward saw him holding a sailor at arm's length. The mutineer was soon lodged in the cockpit; but all hands, the watch below and the watch on deck, came aft, as if obeying a signal, with threatening faces and clinched fists. The captain, methodical and cool, ordered his son to run a line across the deck, between him and the rebellious crew, and to arm the steward and the third mate.

"Now go forward and get to work," he said to the gang, who immediately made a demonstration to break the line. "The first man who passes that rope," added the captain, drawing his pistol, "I will shoot. I am going to call you one by one; if two come at a time I will shoot both."

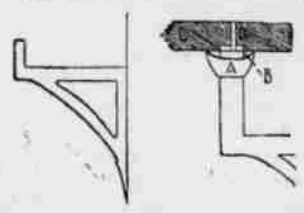
The first to come forward was a big fellow in a red shirt. He had hesitated to advance when called, but the "I will give you one more invitation, sir," of the captain furnished him with the requisite resolution. So large were his wrists that ordinary shackles were too small to go round them, and ankle shackles took their place. Escorted by the second and third mates to the cabin he was made to lie flat on his stomach, while staples were driven through the chains of his handcuffs into the floor to pin him down. After eighteen of the mutineers had been similarly treated the captain himself withdrew to the cabin and lay on a sofa, telling the second mate to wake him in an hour. The next minute he was fast asleep, with the stapled ruffians around him.

THE FARMING WORLD.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Look After the Lice if You Want to Be Sure of Success.

If your fowls look rough and their combs and wattles are pale, look for lice. You will be sure to find them. Don't go to dosing them with chemicals for roup, nor any other fancied disorder, but get some pyrethrum and dust each one separately and thoroughly. Take all the roosts and nests out of the house and clean the floor from all droppings and litter. Then put whitewash, having a little carbolic acid in it, on the sides, roof and floor, being very particular to fill all the cracks. If the roosts fit into cleats tear them off and, after coating with whitewash, put them on again. I like an iron bracket made of cast or malleable iron like the sketch. A is a saucer shaped collar, B the cavity in the collar, D a hole bored through the 2x4 roost scantling C. It is designed that kerosene oil be poured through D until B is filled and this will keep the little red mites from crawling



from the ground and sides of the building onto the roost. The brackets should be placed upon opposite sides of the building, so that each roost will extend clear across. The hole in the roost should be made so large that it can be easily taken off.

When you replace the nests put a shovelful of dirt into each box (if your birds are not white) and on top of this a little straw and tobacco refuse. If you have not saved any road dust for a dust bath, get a bushel of land plaster and mix some coal ashes with it while they are warm, so that the mixture will be thoroughly dry. Put this in a shallow box and set it in the sunniest part of the building. If you will give your poultry house a thorough cleaning now and then look after them during the winter you can keep the lice off easier than you think. Who will say this time: "O, that's very well for you fanciers, but—" Remember, my dear brother farmers, we fanciers are obliged to look after details, and we get the eggs.—F. E. Dawley, in N. E. Homestead.

MAKING POSTS DURABLE.

The Process of Charring Does Not Improve Them Materially.

A correspondent wishes to know if there is any better way to render posts durable when set in the ground than to char them, and if there is, he inquires for the mode. In answer—charring posts, as commonly done, does not materially improve them. The charcoal which is thus made to encase them is more or less porous, and admits the water from the soil to pass through into the wood, where it operates to produce decay the same as if all were wood. There is only one way to prevent this decay, and to prevent the weakness of the charcoal from occupying the large portion of the post as a stiffener, and that is to heat the wood to a degree that shall slightly turn the wood brown all through it. It will thus retain most of its stiffness, while the slight charring will prevent decay. Some experience is required to determine the degree at which this partial trial will take place.

Petroleum and coal tar are frequently recommended and used, but their value varies with conditions. Coal tar applied hot may be made to form an impervious casing, shutting out air and moisture, but of course not preventing it from entering above. Bottled up in this manner it may promote decay. With different conditions it may prove a useful application.

With shingles it acts differently, being wholly exposed to the rain and air. Apply the petroleum by dipping the shingles in it in a tub of the oil, and allow a few hours for it to soak thoroughly into the pores of the wood, and then lay them in the usual way. It may be applied less perfectly to the shingles after they are laid, using a coarse brush for the purpose, and it should be renewed once in seven or eight years. It affects the rainwater only for a few weeks. In applying it to the roof, crowd the points of the brush into the crevices between the shingles. —Country Gentleman.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

AN acre of dry corn fodder as usually fed will keep a cow about 100 days, an acre of clover hay about 200 days, an acre of good ensilage about 700 days. Does the silo pay?

THE dairyman must study the relative value of the different feeding stuffs if he would find which way success lies. A small amount of wasted food will destroy the margin of profit.

A GOOD cow in a village will do much toward supporting a family. By a good one we mean such as will give eight quarts of milk per day for 300 days. See what this will yield, retailed at six cents a quart.

IF a dairyman depends upon buying of much feed he must have a most excellent head to enable him to turn it into a profit. The farm should supply most of what the cattle consume.—American Cultivator.

Sugar Cane for Cows.

There is no more profitable crop grown for stall feeding or soiling dairy cows than sugar cane. The larger varieties make an abundant crop in a short season, and the benefits of feeding it, when the pasture fails, are enormous. The acreage planted is not likely to be too large, for if it is not all needed as green food, it can be cured for winter use. Cattle are more fond of it than any other kind of fodder. Run through a cutting box, ears and all; the stalks, leaves and husks to the last bit will be consumed with relish. The whole plant is full of nutriment and value as food.—Michigan Farmer.

LABELS FOR TREES.

The Cheapest and Simplest Have Proved the Most Serviceable.

For many years past, and in answer to inquiries, we have recommended labels made of sheet zinc cut in strips half an inch or less in width and several inches long, on which the name was written with a common black lead pencil. One end was wound once around the side branch of the tree, the other end with the name remaining exposed and visible. The name thus written will continue distinctly legible for half a century; we have specimens nearly that age; and the coil around the branch is now on some of our trees where it remains after a lapse of twenty years without any injury to the bark of the tree.

We have been surprised at the mistakes which intelligent cultivators have made in rejecting this label. A distinguished pomologist once publicly denounced it as cumbersome and awkward because it required so much time and labor to uncoil the zinc in order to render visible the concealed name, not being aware that the name was always exposed, and that the weather would not obliterate it as he mistakenly supposed. Again, a late number of the Garden and Forest quotes the Gardeners' Monthly for the statement that the label will cut into the bark or wood even if it rests on it by its own weight. This mistaken opinion appears to have originated from winding the coil several times around the branch, so that its parts are bound together and will not yield to the increased size of the added growth. The fact that we have labels uninjuring and uninjured that have remained without attention for various periods from fifteen to twenty years proves its efficiency when rightly applied. The coil should never go twice about the limb, and should always be put on loosely; and the zinc should be slightly rusted when written on. Good and permanent labels, easily applied, are important in preserving the names of selected fruits, and the best forms should be well understood.—Country Gentleman.

HANDY NEST BOXES.

Two Ideas Which Seem to Be Worthy of Consideration.

Fig. 1 is handy because you can move it easily by means of the top cross-bar. Use any kind of a box, and saw and nail to suit your requirements. Make

FIG. 1.

a number of them and put them in the laying house. A box 10x12 inches is about the right size for a Leghorn or P. Rock, but 12x14 should be given to larger breeds. Place clean straw or hay in the box and shape it neatly, to induce ready possession.

In Fig. 2 still another idea is suggested, new to some. It is constructed of half-inch or inch boards in the form

FIG. 2.

of a triangle, say 10x12 inches, or 12x14, according to the variety you are breeding. This nest is also movable. The handle on top makes it easy to move about. An old piece of a suspender or leather strap will answer the purpose. Hay or straw is formed into a nest on the floor, making it as inviting as you can. I would keep such nests thoroughly whitewashed with strong carbolic acid and white lime, to keep away vermin as much as possible.—John W. Caughey, in Ohio Farmer.

Quick Profits from Poultry.

To secure the greatest profit, the aim should be to shorten the time of growth as much as possible, as the quicker a fowl reaches the marketable age the less the labor and smaller the cost. It is well known that a duck will consume twice as much food as a chicken and is, apparently, more expensive to keep, but when it is considered that a duck also grows twice as fast as a chicken, the cost to produce a pound of meat on a duck is no greater than for other poultry. Profits are not made by feeding fowls after they should no longer be retained. When fattening fowls they should be weighed every two or three days, and as soon as they show no increase in weight they should be marketed. There are business methods in poultry raising as in all other pursuits, and the largest profits are made when business methods are practiced. It should be the rule to keep nothing that does not pay, and when a chick is hatched it should be pushed right on, so as to get it into market in the shortest possible time.—Farm and Fireside.

The Evening Inspection.

A few years ago visiting a friend who had some valuable stock, just before we retired for the night I suggested that we go around and take a look at the animals, which was my custom at home. He laughed and said I was always a queer fellow. But we went, and found a cow down with the halter about her neck. She was a valuable, pure Jersey, about to calve, and was sold to be delivered with the calf for $1,500. Said my friend: "You have given me a lesson I shall never forget. And you have saved me $1,500, and, what is more than money, all the blame for gross carelessness. I will never fail to make a round of my stables and barn hereafter the last thing before I go to bed. It is better to be safe than sorry."—Rural World.